

The Adair County News.

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WED., NOV. 6, 1907.

Mrs. Robt. Kirtly and Eddie Flack, a young man, are in jail at Mt. Sterling charged with murdering Robt. Kirtly, the woman's husband.

There were no runs of much consequence in financial circles of New York last week. Gold from Europe is arriving, and it begins to look like trouble is at an end.

It comes from Washington that conservative financial leaders have requested President Roosevelt to call an extra session of Congress to deal with the currency question. In the event an extra session is not called the President is requested to issue a statement to the country.

Hon. R. C. Warren, who was a prominent citizen of Stanford, died last Friday night with a complication of diseases. When the end came he was the County Judge of Lincoln county. He had also served his judicial district as Commonwealth's Attorney. He was a brother-in-law of Ex-Gov. W. O. Bradley.

The Following is a Biography of
"Our Fallen Hero."

Born forty-eight years ago in the little county of Magoffin, at the foot hills of the Cumberland mountains, Judge S. W. Hager grew to young manhood in the mountain hamlet of Salyersville, its county seat and the home of the leading people of that section of Kentucky. His father was William J. Hager, a successful merchant and one of the best known men of that section of the State. His mother, Phoebe Ann Hager, was a native of Gallia county, Ohio, and of Kentucky adoption. Like so many Kentuckians who have achieved distinction, Judge Hager obtained his first scholastic training in the humble schools of the county of his birth. He, later, attended the State A & M College, at Lexington. Going back home, after his college career, young Hager went into the schools at Salyersville as a teacher. There he spent two years. Twenty-one years ago he changed his place of residence to Ashland, Boyd county, the gateway to the richest section of eastern Kentucky. There he engaged in business, later becoming President of the Merchants National Bank. That position he held until he became an official of the State of Kentucky, eight years ago.

Judge Hager first entered public life in 1897, when, over his protest, the Democracy of Boyd County placed him at the head of their county ticket as the nominee for County Judge. Notwithstanding that Boyd county had, in 1896, given William McKinley a majority of about eight hundred votes, Judge Hager carried it by more than three hundred majority over his opponent. His standing was such that scores of leading Republicans of the county supported him openly. Having this first taste of politics, Judge Hager enjoyed the game, and soon became the most prominent man in his Congressional District. This brought him to the attention of the leaders in State politics; and, when the convention of 1899 met at Louisville, he was easily the choice of the Democrats of the State for Treasurer of Kentucky. In that convention he was an ally of the late William Goebel, who was chosen to head the ticket as the gubernatorial candidate. With the reputation of being a successful banker, and being a man of

pleasing address, the candidacy of Judge Hager met with much favor among Democrats of the State. Being of the faction within the Democratic party which was about to inaugurate a new order of things in the old Commonwealth, he yet had the respect and good will of the old line fellows who had long been in control of the public affairs of the State. During the memorable political struggle of 1900 he was a close adviser of Governor Beckham, the youthful successor of the martyred Goebel, and was with him at Frankfort during the dark days when two sets of State officials, one holding the old Capitol by force and the use of the military, and the other quartered at the historic Capital Hotel, both surrounded by armed guards, defied each other for weeks and weeks. He assisted the young Executive in bringing order out of chaos, and has, through the years of his administration, been his close personal friend. Holding for the entire eight years a place in the Executive Cabinet by virtue of being an official, Judge Hager has for four years past held the second place in point of importance in the State Government, that of Auditor of Public Accounts.

Coming to public office from the director's room of a prosperous banking institution, Judge Hager has had a special aptitude for managing financial affairs of the Commonwealth through the offices of Treasurer and Auditor of Public Accounts. Since he entered public life, he has had the satisfaction of seeing the bonded indebtedness of the State wholly wiped out, and Kentucky placed among the half dozen States of the Union which are free from bonded debt. He dropped a day off his campaign tour in September last for the purpose of stopping off at Frankfort and taking in and burning the last evidence of this bonded debt. During his political career, no man who ever filled an office has given it more of his attention. As promptly as the most humble clerk under him, he has been at his desk during the working hours of the day, and often remaining much later in the day than any of his subordinates. He has watched after the business of the Commonwealth as carefully as if it were his own individual business, and has taken as much pride in seeing its indebtedness met and discharged. An evidence of his feeling in this matter is contained in a recent speech which he made, from which is taken the following paragraph:

"My party has behind it many decades of honorable dealings with my people, and before it many years of usefulness to the citizens of the Commonwealth. It has to its credit a long record of unbroken promises, and the history of the State teems with the wise and salient influences of its principles and policies. In the peace, quiet and happiness of her people Kentucky ranks with the best of the American States. Old Glory as it unfolds to the winds of heaven does not wave over a better people or a happier land, nowhere in the 'land of the free' are the homes indwelt with peace and happiness more than in the 'Old Kentucky Home', whose door opens ever in hospitality to the stranger, and across whose portals the waves of cheering sunlight roll and through whose windows pours in sweetest melody the music that God, with his breath has laid in whispering symphony upon the trees. Nowhere under the stars of the blue canopy of God's eternal Home are the people better governed, their interests better protected, or wiser and more beneficent laws exist than in our beloved 'Blue Grass State.'"

NORTH CAROLINA.

Cliffside, Oct., 31, 07.

As I have not written anything recently for publication in your columns, I desire to mention some matters of interest to me in both the State of my adoption and the one of my nativity.

To begin with, I am again teaching school at Cliffside, a prosperous mill town, of Rutherford county, North Carolina, and have charge of 44 pupils and will have more. The public term begins November 23, 1907, of which I am principal.

The building in which school is conducted is a nice, commodious and well arranged structure, built at a cost of over \$1500. In it we have a good rural library, 12 electric lights and patent desks.

As to Cliffside mills, a description of a large cotton factory

might be of interest to some of your readers who are unfamiliar with things of this kind. This place was begun seven years ago, and now operates 26,110 looms. These looms weave, each about fifty yards of cloth per day, so you can see an output of 42,500 yards per day is a considerable amount. Over 600 operators are on pay roll, so you can imagine that the expense is considerable. Wages run from fifty cents to two and a half dollars per day, while the superintendents receive from three to seven dollars per day. The work is done by water power, and requires 150 horse power. The mill is on Second Broad River, and generally has a sufficiency of water power. Some times the amount of water is insufficient, and then two immense Carliss engines are used, having each 750 horse power. The plant makes a specialty of gingham goods and operates its own dye house. The population of this place is over twelve hundred, and about two hundred is the number of tenant houses. As the mill runs night and day, not as many can be in school as should be. The health and morals of this place, are better than most cotton mills of the South, and the people have a better dressed, more prosperous appearance. The town is also ideal. In many mill towns of this section, big hulking loafers who are too lazy to work themselves, put their families in the mill, while they loaf, whittle and offer sage advice. Very little loafing or drinking is done here. All cotton mills fail to give a child proper advantages to secure an education. The class who move to cotton mills, never, however, patronize a school in the country, and so the mill is not responsible for the illiteracy. While North Carolina is still low in the scale of illiteracy, it is making better progress. Another hopeful sign is its steady upward march in the cause of temperance. Asheville, the great Summer resort got on water wagon the other day by immense majority. Charlotte has been there quite a while and Salisbury is coming to scratch. Raleigh has had the liquor under good control for quite a while, and Wilmington is getting in good shape. But while I am a temperance advocate, and always vote for prohibition, public sentiment is the court of final resort when it comes to actual sobriety. No matter what laws are, and statute books, these can be evaded. If the National Government were to enact a law making penalty banishment or life penalty for keeping dogs, two-thirds of the citizenship of Cleveland County, North Carolina, would keep 15 hands apiece. Every sheriff, deputy and justice of the peace would be in sympathy with his constituents, for no man can be elected here unless he is a defender of a long eared and worthless hound.

I am "agin" hounds or dogs of any kind except collies and New Foundlands, but I could not be overseer of the road. When you say anything against a dog in North Carolina, you provoke strife, and if you rock a dog or scoff at the mourner's bench, you are a common enemy of mankind. I see that Uncle Jim Morrison still raises corn and tobacco and rides young mules at 92. Does Dr. Voils still caper about and gather the yerbs to compound his sovereign remedies? At last accounts he was a joyous young thing of 98, but feared he would feel old before his time from getting wet so much, digging strinnigans, tonigans and hell-bucks.

I wish I could come in again this Winter, but fear I cannot. If not, I will try to report a year hence. I am dying to hear a pretty Kentucky girl play the "Old Kentucky Home" again, and meet my old acquaintances. I am anxious to see the broad proportions of Col. L. B. Hurt, Also the imposing figure of Hon. Rollin Hurt, the austere features of Hon. James Garnett and the commanding figure of H. B. Garnett. Of course I long to meet John R. Johnson, Jim Frankum, Albin Hurt, Cook Jones, the grand old man, Dr. U. L. Taylor, "Long hungry" Tom Taylor, Jno. Ed Murrell, "Goat" Murrell, Tobe Hurt, Bud Hurt, Ed Reed, Bob Price, and dozens of others. Of course I want to see Logue Bomar, John Henry Bomar, Uncle Cage Bomar and Bob Cravens. I'd like to see all my old sweethearts, but they are scattered over several counties. I understand they are all fine looking matrons, while I look pretty tough. But when I come back home I'll hunt up every body and tell them a heap not down in the books. I asked Dr. Voils through your columns for his photo, but he didn't send it. Among other friends of by gone days, I yearn to meet Philip Voils and Stingo Gadberry. Melvin L. White.

DIRIGO.

Mr and Mrs J. R. Royse visited their daughter, Mrs Hamilton, at Nell, last week.

J. S. Young, Burnside, graded lumber here one day last week.

J. G. Campbell was on jockey at Edmonton last week.

J. W. Campbell is logging in Cumberland county this week.

R. E. Strnige is grading staves at Bakerton.

A large crowd attended Prof. Hill's singing at Independence last Sunday.

The women of this section wonder how they ever managed to keep their families in clean clothes before R. L. Campbell introduced B. C. Tablets. They now can read the "News" while the washing goes on.

NEW GOODS!

Just received a nice line of Dry-goods, Clothing and Groceries. Country Produce wanted. Give me a call.

W. L. SIMMONS, HUMBLE, KY.

We Pay 4 per cent on Time Deposits

Accuracy, courtesy and kind treatment Guaranteed.
Accounts and business solicited.

Capital Stock, \$20,000.00
Individual Responsibility, \$40,000.00

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IDEALS.

It is all important that the aim should be both definite and high. It is an old saying that if you aim at the barn door you will never hit the weathercock on the steeple; which means that we must aim high if we would hit high. It is just as true for real success in life. In any department of life we rarely get more than we expect to get. "Accordingly to your faith, be it unto you," involves a principle valid every where. Expectation is the first step in achievement. Confidence is an element of success, even in a game of ball. It is unlikely we will either hit or catch a ball if we are expecting to miss. Some one has said that Columbus practically found America before he left Spain; and so far from being surprised when he saw the Western continent, he would have been surprised if he had not seen it. A man succeeds as he expects to succeed. Predicting ultimate failure, he simply fulfills his own prophesy.

A few years ago a young man in my home city had kindled in his heart a burning desire for an education. He had faith to believe he could obtain it in spite of tremendous difficulties in the way. With less than a hundred dollars in his pocket, and no certainty as to where another dollar was to come from, he started for an Eastern college.

Four years from that time he graduated with some of the highest honors of his class. The reason was he believed he could succeed, and he did. How much better than to "hang around town," forever afraid to aspire! Unbelief invites failure in any department of life; while the opposite fact is that expectant aim is largely the measure of attainment.